

The Stalker: Saving Planet

by Soldier of Old

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Summary: A shadowy figure is called up to rid the Coveanent from yet another doomed planet, but this planet may hold the key to saving the human race. R&R please

1. prologue

Stalker

Prologue

Planet Merga, Midway into the Covenant Invasion

October 1, 2550

Antarctica City, Espilion Province

The General brushed the sweat off his brow. One month after the Covenant invasion. Why haven't they just glassed the planet?

A staff officer came into the concrete bunker.

The General turned around, facing away from all the satellite feeds from different battles raging across the snow covered planet.

"Sir!"

"Go on, son." The general ordered. The young officer was shaken up, more by the general then the Covenant. The General was a pale white man, light brown hair, and was a heavy built six foot five, with a mean face and dark brown eyes.

"The battle for Antarctica City is over sir. The rest of the UNSC elements are reporting that the Covenant invasion forces are retreating! But, their ships remain in orbit around the planet."

The General took off his green officer hat, and checked his magnum pistol.

He lit a cigar, and stuck it in his mouth, "Listen son, I know this is all new for you, but I am a tired man. They are going to glass the planet."

"What?"

"I have seen it many times before, the aliens come in, we beat the shit out of em', then they glass the planet."

"Is there anything we can do sir?"

The middle aged general sighed, "Find yourself a girl or someone you love and spend some time with them, all UNSC ships are destroyed, we are helpless."

The young officer ran out of the room. The end was near. The General pondered his next move of action. He sat in his leather chair, watching all the monitors and consuls in the black walled room. He sent out one last message, as he flipped on the speaker communicator. The machine recorded his message,

"This is General Bill Foortooth, in charge of all UNSC ground forces, planet is being glassed. I repeat planet is being glassed. All UNSC ships in the area, requesting evac or reinforcements."

He flipped the recording switch off, and viewed his last broadcast. The camera recorded what he said fine, and he looked professional, his uniform was clean, his face was shaved. The General knew someone would get the message, but he figured they were all going to die anyway. No planet ever survived once the Covenant decided to glass it.

The General hit a button that read "Send" then he flipped a switch so it would constantly broadcast the message into space. Darning his jacket, he headed out the titanium door into the snow. The city was a mess. The snow fell amongst the smoking carcasses of blackened buildings. Burning cars and tanks were half buried in snow. Tired soldiers walked along the snow covered roads, trying to find survivors. Covenant bodies lay all around, and human corpses were piled high from the Covenant massacre. Mostly children, who did not know any better but to give up.

It was all so surreal, the wind blew kicking up icy cold flakes in the General's face. Then, the snow stopped, a sign of the incoming doom. The sky began to clear up, as the clouds burnt away, the heat from the Covenant's space Cruiser's plasma cannon heated up the air around them. The ugly, squid like head of the alien space ship glowed blue and purple, the ugly colors produced when burning a world. The General pulled the magnum to his head and blew his brains out.

2. Chapter 1

Chapter 1: The Stalker

Earth

October 12, 2550

Sydney, Australia

Stalker. Just one word and images of evil following you pops into your head. Well, that was the desired affect ONI wanted the Covenant to feel, that every time they invaded he would be there, following their every move. Unlike the Spartans, he worked alone, and in secrecy. Only a select few in ONI knew he existed. That is why ONI High Command called him in. His specialty was sabotage behind enemy lines, but, this time he was needed for some reconnaissance and information on what had been happening on Merga.

Black Leader, a code name for the head of ONI, was a nameless figure who always hid behind a screen and voice filter, keeping his true identity a secret. Black Leader had ordered that Merga was to be investigated, without the Covenant knowing. An army was not going to fit the mission profile. Standard operation procedures stated that after one week of loss of contact with another planet meant usually one thing, it had been glassed. And of course, after the one week of waiting, ONI spy ships had been sent in to explore the remains of Merga, and surprisingly, the Covenant ships still hovered over the planet, and even more surprising, the planet was not a molten rock.

Black Leader scratched his head at this intelligence. For a signal was picked up on UNSC channels reporting that Merga was being glassed. And it was out of the question to violate Cole Protocol. The "Stalker" would be contacted, and briefed.

"So, you ready?" The man in the lab coat asked.

"Inject me," was the response from the cold, distant voice belonging to the twenty-eight year old man.

He had been injured badly, his frail human bones could not take what the Covenant dished out. The young man just sat there, in the dark room, as the robotic arms shoved needles into his chest. Not even the ONI medical doctor knew who this man was.

"Hmmm..." The doctor said as he scratched his head, "So much drugs for a man your size, what have you been doing?"

"Saving ONI's ass while you guys take all the credit."

"Delirious now are we?"

"Fuck you, I have had enough bull shit for one day."

With one, swift kick, he broke the machine that delivered the medicines, and left with a smirk on his face. He had black hair, and a small, plain face. He was not big, but he possessed abilities that paralleled that of the Spartans. Muscular, not big, he only stood at five foot nine. His strength was as strong as a Spartan with his MJOLNIR IV armor. Deep in the bowels of ONI, this young man had another appointment topside, at his unofficial headquarters.

In camouflage slacks and a white tank top on, he looked more like a weight lifter than an ONI official. This was the sterile zone, only

white lab coats where worn down in the deep, dimly lit corridors of ONI. People glared at him in the dim light as he walked through the hallway, passing by each door until he made it to the elevator. These elevators, however, did not just move up and down, it was a complex network of elevator shafts that twisted and turned, a password was required to reach each destination, and these passwords changed daily. The black haired man punched in a code into the elevator, and he grabbed the railing inside as it rocked sideways, then up, but the man never even blinked. A digital map appeared next to the elevator buttons, indicating that he had arrived at ONI Mountain Lion Operations center, a office that ran the covert and non-covert ONI ground operations. The elevator doors opened, revealing another metallic door, which opened, and this process continued until a fourth door opened, and the man made his way out of the elevator.

Someone forgot to tell the guards of his "visit" so when they saw him they told him to freeze and aimed their submachine guns right at his chest. The mishap was explained though, as a black man in a blue sports coat showed his badge and took the man by the shoulder. They walked down the hallway and the "Colonel" (that is what the guards called him) stuck his hand on a scanner and it opened as a computerized voice acknowledged him.

"Hello Colonel." The man said.

"Hello Tim."

"Please, call me Stalker."

"Than you can call me Andrew," The "Colonel" said.

The two men laughed as they sat down across from each other. The office had a window that overlooked a much bigger complex that was indoors- a weapons lab. Tanks, guns, all experimental equipment hung from assembly lines and gun racks. With the hit of a button, a firm, lead slab covered the glass, preventing any peeping toms from seeing or hearing the conversation.

Colonel Andrew had a tall figure, he was at least six foot five, and he was thin as a rail, and a native of New Mombasa. The two men shook hands and began discussing the pressing issue of the day, or week as it would seem.

The Colonel in his blue suit and red tie went first,

"I am the new head of this operation, seeing as it was my idea."

Stalker interrupted him, "Well, I thought this was because you needed help, I will just be going now," Tim said in a mocking tone.

"Let me finish. I read that you where in the Spartan Three Project, correct?"

Stalker nodded, "Yeah. Put me through hell. Now I am half cyborg half nobody. The worst of both worlds."

"Well, that makes you a perfect candidate for The Stalker Program, which just so happens to have the same name as you."

"Yeah, somewhere along the lines when I was kidnaped I figured someone cared enough to ask me if I wanted to be apart of this, but, I was wrong."

"Well, I could have just asked you, but then again, you have been here before, meaning that you probably don't wanna come here again."

"Look buddy, you seem like a nice man and all, but I want out. My life was destroyed enough by the Spartan program, then the Covenant came and I escaped, living my life as a mercenary named Stalker, and if you ever refer to me as Tim again I will kill you!"

"Fine, but we will pay you double what you get as a mercenary, and you will never have to look for an assignment, you will always have one given to you."

Stalker ran a hand through his black hair, thinking it over.

"Well, it has been hard killing and running from the UNSC Police. I do really need the money."

"Good," Andrew said as he pulled out a dart gun and shot Stalker in the neck.

End
file.